

(Which I dispers'd) they all haue met againe,
And are vpon the *Mediterranian* Flote
Bound sadly home for *Naples*,
Supposing that they saw the Kings ship wrackt,
And his great person perish.

Pro. *Ariel*, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more worke:
What is the time o' th' day?

Ar. Past the mid season.

Pro. At least two Glasses: the time 'twixt six & now
Must by vs both be spent most preciously.

Ar. Is there more toyle? Since y^e doft giue me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pro. How now? moodie?

What is't thou canst demand?

Ar. My Libertie.

Pro. Before the time be out? no more:

Ar. I prethee,

Remember I haue done thee worthy seruice,
Told thee no lyes, made thee no mistakings, seru'd
Without or grudge, or grumbings; thou did promise
To bate me a full yeere.

Pro. Do'st thou forget

From what a torment I did free thee? *Ar.* No.

Pro. Thou do'st; & thinkst it much to tread y^e Ooze
Of the salt deepe;

To run vpon the sharpe winde of the North,
To doe me businesse in the veines o' th' earth
When it is bak'd with frost.

Ar. I doe not Sir.

Pro. Thou liest, malignant Thing: hast thou forgot
The fowle Witch *Sycorax*, who with Age and Enuy
Was growne into a hoope? hast thou forgot her?

Ar. No Sir.

Pro. Thou hast: where was she born? speak: tell me:

Ar. Sir, in *Argier*.

Pro. Oh, was she so: I must

Once in a moneth recount what thou hast bin,
Which thou forgetst. This damn'd Witch *Sycorax*
For mischiefs manifold, and forceries terrible
To enter humane hearing, from *Argier*

Thou know'st was banish'd: for one thing she did
They wold not take her life: Is not this true? *Ar.* I, Sir.

Pro. This blew ey'd hag, was hither brought with
And here was left by th' Saylor; thou my slaue, (child,
As thou reportst thy selfe, was then her seruant,
And for thou wast a Spirit too delicate
To act her earthy, and abhor'd commands,
Refusing her grand hefts, she did confine thee
By helpe of her more potent Ministers,
And in her most vniuersall rage,
Into a clouen Pyne, within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painefully remaine.

A dozen yeeres: within which space she di'd,
And left thee there: where thou didst vent thy groanes
As fast as Mill-wheeles strike: Then was this Island
(Saue for the Son, that he did littour heere,
A fiekell'd whelp, hag-borne) not honour'd with
A humane shape.

Ar. Yes: *Caliban* her sonne.

Pro. Dull thing, I say so: he, that *Caliban*
Whom now I keepe in seruice, thou best know'st
What torment I did finde thee in; thy groanes
Did make wolues howle, and penetrate the breaste
Of euer-angry Beares; it was a torment

To lay vpon the damn'd, which *Sycorax*
Could not againe vndoe: it was mine Art,
When I arriu'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The Pyne, and let thee out.

Ar. I thanke thee Master.

Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an Oake
And peg thee in his knotty entrailes, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelue winters.

Ar. Pardon, Master,

I will be correspondent to command
And doe my spryting, gently.

Pro. Doe so: and after two daies
I will discharge thee.

Ar. That's my noble Master:

What shall I doe? say what? what shall I doe?

Pro. Goe make thy selfe like a Nymph o' th' Sea,
Be subiect to no sight but thine, and mine: inuisible
To eury eye-ball else: goe take this shape
And hither come in't: goe: hence
With diligence. *Exit.*

Pro. Awake, deere hart awake, thou hast slept well,
Awake.

Mir. The strangenes of your story, put
Heauinesse in me.

Pro. Shake it off: Come on,
We'll visit *Caliban*, my slaue, who neuer
Yeelds vs kinde answere.

Mir. 'Tis a villaine Sir, I doe not loue to looke on.

Pro. But as 'tis
We cannot misse him: he do's make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and seruies in Offices
That profit vs: What hoa: slaue: *Caliban*:
Thou Earth, thou: speake.

Cal. within. There's wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth I say, there's other busines for thee:
Come thou Torroys, when? *Enter Ariel like a water-
Nymph.*

Fine apparition: my queint *Ariel*,
Hearke in thine eare,

Ar. My Lord, it shall be done. *Exit.*

Pro. Thou poysonous slaue, got by y^e diuell himselfe
Vpon thy wicked Dam; come forth. *Enter Caliban.*

Cal. As wicked dewe, as ere my mother brush'd
With Rauens feather from vnwholesome Fen
Drop on you both: A Southwest blow on yee,
And blister you all ore.

Pro. For this be sure, to night thou shalt haue cramps,
Side-fitches, that shall pen thy breath vp, Vrchins
Shall for that vast of night, that they may worke
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As thicke as hony-combe, each pinch more stinging
Then Bees that made 'em.

Cal. I must eat my dinner:
This Island's mine by *Sycorax* my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me: when thou cam'st first
Thou stroakst me, & made much of me: wouldst giue me
Water with berries in't: and teach me how
To name the bigger Light, and how the lesse
That burne by day, and night: and then I lou'd thee
And shew'd thee all the qualities o' th' Isle,
The fresh Springs, Brine-pits; barren place and fertill,
Curs'd be I that did so: All the Charms
Of *Sycorax*: Toades, Beetles, Batts light on you:
For I am all the Subjects that you haue,
Which first was mine owne King: and here you sty-me
In this hard Rocke, whiles you doe keepe from me
The rest o' th' Island.

Pro. Thou

Pro. Thou most lying slaue,
Whom stripes may moue, not kindnes: I haue vs'd thee
(Filch as thou art) with humane care, and lodg'd thee
In mine owne Cell, till thou didst seeke to violate
The honor of my child:

Cal. Oh ho, oh ho, would't had bene done:
Thou didst preuent me, I had peopel'd else
This Ile with *Calibans*.

Mir. Abhorred Slaue,
Which any print of goodnesse wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill: I pittied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each houre
One thing or other: when thou didst not (Sauage)
Know thine owne meaning; but wouldst gabble, like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them knowne: But thy wild race
(Tho thou didst learn) had that in't, which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deferu'dly confin'd into this Rocke, who hadst
Deferu'd more then a prison.

Cal. You taught me Language, and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse: the red-plague rid you
For learning me your language.

Pro. Hag-feed, hence:
Fetch vs in Fewell, and be quicke thou'r best
To answer other businesse: shrug't thou (Malice)
If thou neglectst, or dost vnwillingly
What I command, Ile racke thee with old Crampes,
Fill all thy bones with Aches, make thee rore,
That beasts shall tremble at thy dyn.

Cal. No, pray thee.

I must obey, his Artis of such pow'r,
It would controll my Dams god *Setebos*,
And make a vassaile of him.

Pro. So slaue, hence. *Exit Cal.*

Enter Ferdinand & Ariel, inuisible playing & singing.

Ariel Song. Come vnto these yellow sands,
and then take hands:
Curt sied when you haue, and kist
the wilde waves whist:
Foote it featly heere, and there, and sweete Sprights beare
the burthen. Burthen disperdly.
Harke, harke, bowgh wagh: the watch-Dogges bark,
bowgh-wagh.

Ar. Hark, hark, I heare, the straine of strutting Chanticleer
cry cockadiddle-doe.

Fer. Where shold this Musick be? I th' aire, or th' earth?
It sounds no more: and sure it waytes vpon
Some God o' th' Island, sitting on a banke,
Weeping againe the King my Fathers wracke.
This Musicke crept by me vpon the waters,
Allaying both their fury, and my passion
With it's sweet ayre: thence I haue follow'd it
(Or it hath drawne me rather) but 'tis gone.
No, it begins againe.

Ariel Song. Full fadom fute thy Father lies,
Of his bones are Corall made:
Those are pearles that were his eyes,
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a Sea-change
Into something rich, & strange:
Sea-Nymphs hourly ring his knell.
Burthen: ding dong.

Harke now I heare them, ding-dong bells.

Fer. The Ditty do's remember my drown'd father,
This is no morrall busines, nor no sound

That the earth owes: I heare it now about me.

Pro. The fringed Curtaines of thine eye aduance,
And say what thou see'st yond.

Mir. What is't a Spirit?
Lord, how it lookes about: Beleeue me sir,
It carries a braue forme. But 'tis a spirit.

Pro. No wench, it eares, and sleeps, & hath such senses
As we haue: such. This Gallant which thou see'st
Was in the wracke: and but hee's something stain'd
With greefe (that's beauties canker) y^e might'st call him
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellowes,
And strays about to finde 'em.

Mir. I might call him
A thing diuine, for nothing naturall
I euer saw so Noble.

Pro. It goes on I see
As my soule prompts it: Spirit, fine spirit, Ile free thee
Within two dayes for this.

Fer. Most sure the Goddess
On whom these ayres attend: Vouchsafe my pray'r
May know if you remaine vpon this Island,
And that you will some good instruction giue
How I may beare me heere: my prime request
(Which I do last pronounce) is (O you wonder)
If you be Mayd, or no?

Mir. No wonder Sir,
But certainly a Mayd.

Fer. My Language? Heauens:
I am the best of them that speake this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Pro. How? the best?

What wert thou if the King of *Naples* heard thee?
Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To heare thee speake of *Naples*: he do's heare me,
And that he do's, I weepe: my selfe am *Naples*,
Who, with mine eyes (neuer since at ebbe) beheld
The King my Father wrack't.

Mir. Alacke, for mercy.

Fer. Yes faith, & all his Lords, the Duke of *Millaine*
And his braue sonne, being twaine.

Pro. The Duke of *Millaine*
And his more brauer daughter, could controll thee
If now 'twere fit to do't: At the first sight
They haue chang'd eyes: Delicate *Ariel*,
Ile set thee free for this. A word good Sir,
I feare you haue done your selfe some wrong: A word.

Mir. Why speakes my father so vnghently? This
Is the third man that ere I saw: the first
That ere I figh'd for: pittie moue my father
To be enclin'd my way.

Fer. O, if a Virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, Ile make you
The Queene of *Naples*.

Pro. Soft sir, one word more.
They are both in eythers pow'r: But this swift busines
I must vneaste make, least too light winning
Make the prize light. One word more: I charge thee
That thou attend me: Thou do'st heere vsurpe
The name thou ow'st not, and hast put thy selfe
Vpon this Island, as a spy, to win it
From me, the Lord on't.

Fer. No, as I am a man,
Mir. Ther's nothing ill, can dwell in such a Temple,
If the ill-spirit haue so fayre a house,
Good things will striue to dwell with't.

Pro. Follow me.

A3

Pro.